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Ron's Restaurant

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RON'S RESTAURANT

The owners fired Ron,
Our manager, today.
I wonder why?
Was it his constant cold?

He really did try hard.
Every night he'd write
"Grill closed"
On the blackboard,
Because he couldn't spell
Restaurant.

All right, often no one placed
Silverware on the white paper napkins,
And sometimes
The bus boys ran slow,
Leaving the tables cluttered
With plates of chicken bones
And crumpled up paper.
But the dim light
Always revealed spotless formica counters.

Ron made sure
To greet his employees
With a cheerful
"How's everything going?"
While wiping his runny nose.

He never forgot
To ask the customers
"How was the service?"
Although I'd hear
Them joke about his
Unlaced tennis shoes.

And if I made an overring
(Even two or three)
He assured me
"If you have no mistakes
It means you've done no work."
I guess he knew

As Ron left,
I told him how sorry I was,
And asked him
What he'd do now.
He wiped his nose
On his sleeve.
"I'm gonna go
Write R.E.S.T.A.U.R.A.N.T.
On my bedroom wall."

Ariana Levinson